THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

Section 4....Examples of the greatest powers of the art of oratory, in the two harangues for the Crown, the one of Eschynes, the other of Demosthenes.

A FEW preliminary observations are indispensable in this place, to discover the importance of this trial, and the great character which Demosthenes so long sustained in Athens, where the profession of an orator was a kind of magistracy, and was, particularly for Demosthenes, so solid a power, that Philip, as historians inform us, said that of all the Greeks he dreaded none but Demosthenes.

After the loss of the battle of Cheronea, the Athenians, apprehensive of being besieged, ordered their walls to be repaired. It was Demosthenes who gave them this counsel, and to him they committed the execution of it. He advanced, from his own fortune, a large sum, which he made a present to the republic. Ctesiphon, his friend, proposed to honour him with a crown of gold, as a recompense for his generosity. The decree was passed, and it ordained that the proclamation of the coronation should be made at the Theatre, during the Feasts of Bacchus, when all the Greeks assembled at Athens, to be present at those spectacles. Eschynes had been a long time the rival and the enemy of Demosthenes. He possessed great talents, and a fine voice, which he had occasion to exercise, having commenced by being a comedian. But he had also a venal soul, and was, almost publicly, in the number of the mercenary orators, whom Philip pensioned in all the republics of Greece. Demosthenes alone, as honest as he was eloquent, had remained incorruptible, and the Athenians were not ignorant of it. Accordingly, it was not the first time that he had received the same honour, which was now decreed him by Ctesiphon. But here, envy believed it had found a favourable opportunity. The fatal battle of Cheronea had beaten down the power of Athens, and rendered Philip the arbiter of Greece. Itwas Demosthenes who had advised this war, the event of which had been so disastrous. Eschynes flattered himself he should be able to render him unpopular in this point of view, and tear from him the Crown that was offered him. He attacked the decree of Ctesiphon, as contrary to law. His accusation turns upon three points. 1. A law of Athens forbids the coronation of any citizen, charged with any branch of administration, before he should have rendered his accounts, and Demosthenes charged with the reparation of the walls, and the administration of the spectacles, is still accountable. This is the first infraction. 2. Another law forbids that a decree of coronation, passed by the Senate, should not be proclaimed any where but in the Senate itself: and that of Ctesiphon, although rendered by the Senate, was to be, according to the tenor of it, proclaimed at the Theatre, second infraction. Finally, and this is the foundation of the cause, the decree purports that the Crown is awarded to Demosthenes for the services which he has rendered, and which he does not cease to render to the republic; and Demosthenes, on the contrary, has done nothing but harm to the republic. This last accusation was to draw after it the censure of the whole conduct of Demosthenes, since he had interfered in the affairs of the state; and this was the principal object of his enemy, who strove to ravish from him both the honours which had been granted him, and the glory of having deserved them. The quarrel commenced two years before the death of Philip: but the political troubles of Greece, the embarrassment of public affairs, and the danger of the conjuncture, retarded the pursuit of the controversy, which was not argued and determined till six years afterwards, when Alexander was already master of Asia.

One is tempted to deplore the melancholy talents which Eschynes displayed in a bad cause. Through his flowing and brilliant elocution, we perceive, at every moment, the weakness of his materials, and the artifice of his lies. He gives to all the laws, which he quotes, a false and forced sense, to all the actions of Demosthenes a malicious and improbable turn. He accuses him of every thing, of which he is himself guilty; he reproaches him with being sold to Philip, whose pensionary he himself is; and the more he feels the defects of his proofs, the more he exaggerates his expressions, which is, in every kind of calumny, the method of detractors, who hope in this manner to excite in others an illusion which they cannot raise in themselves. With regard to Demosthenes, his cause was fair, it is true: what man, under an accusation, ever had a more beautiful one to defend? The object was to justify, in the eyes of all Greece, the opinion which the people of Athens had of him, and the recompense, so flattering and so splendid, which they had thought he merited. Moreover, he had in his favour the greatest of all advantages, the truth. He relates not a single fact without having his proof in hand, and every assertion is followed by the lecture of a public act, which confirms it beyond dispute. But, after all, he argued against envy, which is always so favourably heard; and he was obliged to act the part always dangerous of a man, who speaks of himself, and who recalls to remembrance the good he has done. This was the greatest of all difficulties. We shall see that he knew how to overcome it. But it is just to recite, in the first place, certain passages in the discourse of his accuser.

Although he gives a very false interpretation, as it is always very easy to do, to all the laws with which he pretends to support himself, it was of importance to him, nevertheless, to establish in the first place, that the sacred respect which is due to the laws, ought, above all things, in a free state, to prevail over every other consideration. This is the foundation of his exordium; and this morsel is treated with a dignity and gravity conformable to the subject.

"You know, Athenians, that there are three sorts of government among men: the empire of one, the authority of a small number, and the liberty of all. In the two first, every thing is done according to the will of the monarch, or of those who have the power in their hands; in the last, all is submitted to the laws. Let every one of you then recollect, that the moment he enters into this assembly to judge of the violation of the laws, he comes to pronounce sentence on his own liberty. It is for this that the legislature requires of you this oath: I WILL JUDGE ACCORDING TO LAW, because it was sensible that the observation of these laws is the maintenance of of our independence. You ought, therefore, to regard as your enemy whoever violates them, and to believe that this transgression can never be a fault of little consequence. Suffer no man to take away your rights. Have no regard to the protection which your generals too frequently afford to your orators, to the great detriment of the state, nor to the petitions of strangers, who, more than once, have intervened to save the guilty. But as every one of you would be ashamed to abandon in battle the post confided to him, you ought also to blush to forsake the station in which your country has placed you, for the defence of our laws and liberties. Remember that all your fellow-citizens, those who are present at this trial, and those who have not been able to attend, repose in your fidelity the care of maintaining their rights. Recollect your oath, and, when I shall have convicted Ctesiphon of having proposed a decree, contrary to the truth, and to our legislation, abrogate that unjust decree, punish the transgressors of the laws, and avenge and establish, at once, that liberty which they have outraged."

We pass over the juridical discussion, and the narration, as long as it is unfaithful, of the administration of Demosthenes, and come to the place where Eschynes flattered himself to have the greatest advantage. After the battle of Cheronea, the Athenians were so far from attributing the ill success of the war to the orator who had advised it, that they assigned to him, by a common voice, the honour of pronouncing, according to the custom, the funeral eulogium of those citizens, who had fallen on that fatal day, and to whom they had erected a monument. This appointment was glorious: Eschynes and all the orators had solicited it. The accuser, arrived at this epocha, recalls the memory of that in which Demosthenes had carried the resolution for the war, and collects, in this point, all his powers to overwhelm him under the weight of the public calamities.

"It is here that I owe my lamentations over all those brave warriors whom Demosthenes, in contempt of the most sacred auguries, precipitated into such manifest danger; and it is he,

nevertheless, who has dared to pronounce the eulogium of his victims! It is he, who, with his fugitive feet, which served his cowardice in the plains of Cheronea, has dared to touch the monument, which you have erected to the defenders of their country! O thou, the weakest and most useless of men, when it is necessary to act, but the most confident when called to speak, have you the effrontery to maintain, in presence of our judges, that you have merited a Crown? And, if he dares to say it, will you, Athenians, support him in it? Can this impostor take away your judgments and memories, as he has taken the lives of his fellow-citizens? Transport yourselves for a moment, in imagination, to this assembly at the theatre: behold the herald advance, and hear him pronounce the decree of Ctesiphon; represent to yourselves the tears which will then flow from the relations of all those illustrious deceased, not for the misfortunes of the heroes of our tragedies, but for their own calamities, and your infatuation. Who is there among the Greeks, who has received any education, who is there that will not groan, when he recollects what passed heretofore upon the same theatre, in happier times, when the republic was better governed? Then the herald, pointing out to the people the children of those parents, who had perished in battle, invested them with glorious armour, while he pronounced these words, at once the eulogium and the encouragement of virtue—'these children, whose 'fathers died courageously for their country, have 'been educated at the expense of the state, till 'the age of puberty: at this day their country 'furnishes them with the armour of warriors, and 'places them in the first rank in the spectacles.' This was heard formerly; but what will occur at this day? What will the herald say, when he shall be obliged to produce in public, and in presence of these same children, the man who has rendered them orphans? If he pronounces the words which compose the decree of Ctesiphon, do you believe that his voice will stifle the truth, and conceal our shame? Do you believe, that they will not answer, by a general acclamation, that this man (if, indeed, a coward can merit the name), that this man, whom they crown for his virtue, is, in fact, a pernicious citizen, that he, whom they crown for his services, has betrayed his country, both in the tribune and in battle? Ah! by all the gods, Athenians, do not offer this affront to yourselves; erect not upon the theatre a trophy so injurious to yourselves; expose not Athens to the ridicule of Greece, and open not the wounds of your unfortunate allies, the Thebans, whom you have received within your walls exiles and fugitives, by the fault of Demosthenes, whose venal eloquence has destroyed their temples and monuments. Recollect all the evils they have suffered; behold the old men in tears, and the widows in despair, compelled, for life, to forget that they have been free, reproaching you with filling up the measure of their misery, instead of avenging them; conjuring you not to crown, in Demosthenes, their destroyer, and the scourge of Greece, and to guard yourselves against the influence of this sinister Genius, who has destroyed all those who have been unfortunate enough to abandon themselves to his counsels. What! when one of the pilots, who transports you from the Pireum to the Salamine, has had the misfortune to strike upon the rocks, even when it is not his fault, you forbid him, by law, forever after to conduct a ship, you will not allow him a second time to put the lives of Greeks in danger, and will you permit him, who has caused the ruin of all the Greeks, and yours with theirs, to continue to govern you?"

It cannot be denied that this passage presents a contrast ably imagined. The orator exerts himself as well as possible to render his adversary odious and unpopular. He calls around the tribunal the ghosts of those unfortunate citizens, and places them between the people and Demosthenes; he invests him with these avenging apparitions, and forms them into a rampart round about him, which he seems to forbid him to break through. Very well! This is the place in which Demosthenes will overwhelm him, as soon as he resumes the argument. He will destroy, with a single phrase, all this apparatus of mourning and vengeance, which his rival had erected against him.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Neufchatel, Oct. 26, 1800.

My Dear Sir,

I do not know whether you will recollect, that the smaller cantons always possessed more of the spirit of ancient republics than the larger, which from various causes became, in a great measure, aristocracies, in their form of government. The general assembly to which the inhabitants of the former delegated their powers, both legislative and executive, and out of which the magistrates were chosen, was called the lands-gemeind, and had a president called the landammen. This body assembled generally in an open plain, where the affairs of the canton were discussed in the presence of their people.

When the French army had advanced considerably in Switzerland, and were marching to revolutionize the little canton of Schwitz, a meeting of this respectable assembly was called, to consult upon the best means of defence. Notwithstanding the insignificance of their numbers, the brave Switzers determined upon resistance, and nothing was wanting but a chief to lead all the men of the canton to battle, who, though few, possessed the true Lacedemonian spirit, and were as resolute to defend with their lives, an Alpine pass, as Leonidas and his Spartans that of Thermopylæ, After some little debate they chose for their general, a young man of the name of Aloes Reding, who was much esteemed by his countrymen for his character and talents. This youth,* whose name deserves and will have a glorious place in the history of his unfortunate country, having some grounds to fear he should be appointed, had kept aloof from the assembly, and secreted himself in a cavern to be out of observation, and, if possible, to be forgotten for the moment. The Swiss peasants sent in search of him, discovered his retreat, and dragged him before the lands-gemeind, where he was saluted as chief. He rose and addressed the assembly in such terms as these: "My fellow countrymen, it was not from fear of marching at your head that I was absent from my duty, but the consciousness of our inferiority of numbers, which induced me to decline contributing to raise up your valour on such unequal terms; but since you will have me to be your general, you must swear that I shall run my sword through the first man that shall give an inch of ground." This speech was applauded by all present; they swore to obey him in every thing, and immediately ran to arm themselves with what they could find. You may easily conceive what a figure such a handful of peasants would make, half armed, without uniform and undisciplined. They immediately took possession of the pass of Schendeligie, and waited for the French, whose number was eleven thousand, while they scarcely amounted to three thousand five hundred! Yet valour in the cause of liberty can perform miracles. They never gave way in the least, but died fighting man to man, and making a dreadful slaughter of their enemies. Finding them so obstinate in keeping their ground, the French proposed a cessation of arms, and endeavoured to persuade them that they only wanted to pass through this canton, and that their liberties should be preserved. The French general offered to sign a treaty with them, by which they should be permitted to remain armed, but to disperse to their houses, in which case no contribution whatever should be exacted from them, but on the contrary, they should be protected. This agreement was signed on the spot, and the credulous Swiss, relying upon the faith of a perfidious general, retired quietly to their houses. The next day the French entered the canton, attacked them separately, disarmed every man, and levied a heavy contribution on the poor peasants, whose only fault was a reliance upon a solemn compact.

I do not recollect the name of the French general, but this shameful transaction will reflect eternal disgrace upon him. You may rely on the truth of the preceding anecdote, as Mr. B. had it from Aloes Reding himself, in a tour he lately made with the young —— to the canton of Switz. He says that brave young man intends publishing an account of the whole affair.

This is one among a number of stories of the same nature, which I have heard in Switzerland. Never was a country under a greater despotism than this is at present, Every month brings new contributions and new soldiers to quarter; in short, there is an universal complaint of the distress which prevails every where, the destruction of commerce and manufactures, the poverty of the lower class of people, who want means to cultivate their ground, by which reason there is not a sufficient supply of bread, and the government, influenced by the French, dare not permit the importation, or rather the French, on whom they depended for supplies, do not permit the exportation.

The present government of Switzerland is merely provisional, and will be settled just as the French please to have it. The legislative body consists of forty-two or forty-three members, and the executive of seven, one of whom is president of the whole; but this is merely a nominal government, for they can do no earthly thing which is contrary to the wishes of the French minister. The people feel and appear miserable, and desponding. Society, which was once upon so excellent a footing that strangers from every part of Europe resorted to it, and most of the pleasant towns on the borders of the lake of Geneva, could boast of the residence of an illustrious foreigner, is now scarcely known. The scene is quite changed, and a stranger is mortified at the little welcome he receives; and if he does gain admission into a family, not entirely broken hearted, he hears nothing but mournful complaints, and desponding exclamations. Travelling, and living in Switzerland, which was never very cheap, are now half as expensive again, and, till peace restores every thing to its former state, must become still dearer.

It is universally agreed here, that had the cantons been united, and free from the jealousies and private piques, which unfortunately existed among them, they could have made a formidable, if not an effectual resistance to their invaders and oppressors. One hundred and twenty thousand men, which they could have brought

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* Every body is acquainted with the spirited conduct of Reding, last year, in his attempts to restore the *ancient* liberty of Switzerland, and the persecution he met with, in consequence of his brave conduct —my friend seems to anticipate the figure he made since he was in Switzerland.

to their frontier, would have changed the whole face of the war, and in all probability, might have produced a peace long ago. But alas! the intriguing spirit of their enemies, who knew how to sow divisions among them by means of their emissaries, has proved their destruction; and the boasted liberty and patriotism of Switzerland, held up as examples to mankind for so many ages, have turned out to be mere shadows, and, if they ever existed, were confined to the smaller cantons, among whose scanty vallies and inaccessible mountains only, independence appears to have taken up her abode. For though the small cantons have been overpowered, they cannot be said to be conquered; and, however paradoxical it may appear, though bound with strong fetters, they are still free.

Prefects, commissaries, and municipalities, have usurped the place of the ancient magistracy, and there is little doubt that whatever forms the French may adopt, in the administration of their municipal affairs, the poor Swiss must humbly imitate their example.

Neufchatel is a small district, which united with another in the neighbourhood, called Vallangin, was before the revolution in alliance with the Swiss cantons. Seeing the danger that threatened them at an early period, they put themselves under the protection of the king of Prussia, to whose neutrality they are indebted for having escaped the disasters which have overwhelmed their greater allies.

The king is represented in this principality by a governor, who occupies the castle of the town of Neufchatel, and the expenses are paid by this district and Vallangin, as well as an annual contribution to Prussia. In the castle I saw the portraits of Frederick the great, his successor, and the present king.

The neutrality, and consequent tranquillity of this place, were the inducements which led Mr. B. to bring his pupils from Vevay, where there studies were continually interrupted by the military situation of that town, and the number of soldiers always quartered in their house.

Mr. B. told me he was intimately acquainted with Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, with the last of whom he used often to dine, while he remained at Lausanne: he mentioned several little anecdotes concerning these celebrated characters, which I found extremely interesting.

The town of Neufchatel is small but well built. It is principally supported by the commerce and manufactures of the district. Some of the merchants possess immense fortunes, particularly the principal one, Mr. Portaleze, who is said to be worth twenty millions of livres, or about a million sterling.

The chief public building is a new and elegant town-house, the erection of which is due to the benefactions of one of its inhabitants. Mr. David Pury was an orphan boy, who, finding his friends could do nothing for him, went to Lisbon, where he pursued the diamond trade till he acquired an immense fortune, and became banker to the court. In his prosperity he never forgot his native place, but as he increased in wealth, remitted money for the support of the hospital, and at his death, not long ago, at an advanced age, he left to the town of Neufchatel a million of livres, to be expended in public buildings. The present town-house was erected out of that fund.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

Rotterdam. Dec. 5.

We yesterday arrived here by the way of Leyden and Delft, leaving Haerlem and the Hague on our right. The seats and gardens that so frequently present themselves on the canals, led us to remark the rusty and unhealthy appearance of the bark, which universally prevails among their trees. This, united to the clippings and fantastic shapes of their shrubberies, and paltry ponds, reduce these expensive gardens to insipid parterres, instead of being the natural, lively, verdant, lovely retirements of pleasure, taste and fancy.

I spent a very agreeable evening on the Bomjes, at Mr. Beeldemerker's, a merchant of extensive dealings, and the American agent. The lady of this gentleman with her two daughters, both under the age of fourteen, spake the English, French and Dutch languages, with a most pleasing facility. And the father and his two boys, added the German, to the other dialects of the family. The relative situation of this country, with respect to Germany, France, and Great Britain, promotes as well as facilitates the acquirement of the language of each. The affinity also bebetween the sounds of the English and Low Dutch, lead the common people to understand them, and the great intercourse which has so lately ceased between London and Rotterdam, accounts for our language being so generally known.

A practice which has been discarded these fifty years in other parts of Europe, still prevails in Holland, that of giving vales. The servant, therefore who attends you to the street door, always holds out his itching palm, on your departure, for his perquisite.

7th Dec. There are two ships of war building in the public yards, one a vessel of sixty-eight guns, the other of thirty-six. The frigate is nearly fit for launching. The heavy ship appears too short to sail well, but may serve for a Dutch line of battle ship. After visiting all parts of the yard, and the different work-shops, located in a large brick building, which extends the whole front of the dock yards, and is two stories in height, we spent some time in an apartment of one of the commissioners of the admiralty, who did not discover much disposition to answer the various questions I put to him, although he appeared satisfied that they were the mere dictates of curiosity, rather than excited by a view of catching any profitable knowledge, or obtaining any suspicious information. It seems that the crews of their men of war are fed with provisions furnished by the captain of each ship, who is allowed at the rate of six stivers per day a man, for that purpose. This officer is of course naturally led to create a profit from this privilege. The consequence is, that the men are badly provided, and of course dissatisfied. The fleet therefore is lying at anchor, half manned, and worse officered, while the English squadrons are sweeping the channel, and insulting the whole coast of their enemies, from the streights of Gibraltar to the mouth of the Elbe. There is another cause of discontent to the sailors; under the administration of their exiled prince, the fishermen and seamen found employment and good wages; without reasoning on the unavoidable change of the public circumstances, these people, destitute of national pride, and that *vis fervida mentis* which influences and inflames more vigorous spirits, hate the war, and ask for peace and the fishery. Can this be the country, of the Van Tromps and De Ruyters! Can one century have produced such degrading effects of avarice, and a phlegmatic love of quietude! that patriotism which in other nations stimulates to preserving the honour, dignity, and glory of the country, here is either not understood, or is contemned.

9th Dec. A fall of snow accompanied by a severe frost, has brought out the usual species of winter street gaiety. The ladies are all enjoying the amusement of sleighing, as it would be called in America. The lady sits in a snug little car, while a gentleman places himself on a narrow seat behind the machine to guide the horse, and a servant stands on the runners to protect the lady from the effects of the horses heels, who would otherwise fill the car with clotted snow, thrown up by his hinder shoes. The horse is decorated with different coloured worsted harness. Inconvenient as these little carriages are, from the great number which are flying through the strees, the ladies must be very fond of this sportive exercise. The love of splendor, so natural to the female heart, and attachment to finery, which never fails to excite cheerfulness in women, may be the cause of their attachment, more than a relish for exercise, to this hazardous amusement

The children also have their humbler cars, which are made large enough to contain two, and are directed by a servant who fixes his hands on the back and pushes them forward. There were more female than male servants at this business. This is an excellent way of diverting young children, giving them at the same time a seasoning of the weather.

Family horses are mostly black. There is economy in this, especially where a pair is kept. They are large and well proportioned. The mares of Flanders are proverbially fine: and it is from that country that horses of shew are principally purchased. The dray and working breed are very large, but they have a mode of frosting their shoes so high, both in summer and winter, that the animal must be greatly incommoded from being thus placed upon stilts. Another species of inhumanity very frequently occurred at Amsterdam. A barbarian butcher will tie two or three oxen to the railing of a bridge, or some other most exposed spot, where they are kept without food, until extreme hunger compels the beasts to raise a hollow bellowing. As soon as this takes place, it is considered as the signal for slaughter, and the knife soon puts an end to their sufferings.* By the shaking and struggle of the poor animal they say that the meat becomes more tender, and such is the unfeeling police of this city, that this infernal cruelty is tolerated, and the inhabitants very contentedly eat their beef on such terms! Luxury! What savage acts dost thou give rise to!

Fuel of all kinds, particularly of wood, is so scarce that the price is exorbitant. At Amsterdam, where the citizens, in time of peace, are supplied from the coal pits of England and Scotland, they are now necessiated to burn turf. And with all their economy, the consumption is immense, and excites the astonishment of the stranger, who, with doubting eyes, sees the inhabitants of a country, so flat and sunken as to be half the year inundated, and the northern quarter of which is several feet lower than the ocean which rolls on its beach, burning up the scanty soil which heaven has allotted to them! At Rotterdam they get an inferior sort of coals from Germany, and have some wood, but both are dear. The American, who has been always accustomed to large fires, and piles on wood with as much indifference as he would if trees were produced like grass, while shivering under the cold of December, is very apt to curse a country wherein neither solar, nor factitious warmth is to be found more than three months in the year.

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* The boy and his bird, is another species of teasing torment; but here the parent is more to blame than the child. In the one it is indulged from thoughtlessness. The permission of the other ought to be charged to stupidity.

They continue, clandestinely, or in neutral bottoms, to export to England large quantities of cheese, and some butter. And a certain portion of British manufactures still find their way here, the prohibitory decrees of the convention to the contrary notwithstanding. These commercial interdictions, are, in this country, absurd ones, because they create more inconvenience to themselves than to their enemies. The latter may lose some trade, but the former are sacrificing their comforts, and conveniencies, on a very problematical experiment, and increasing the ground of that ill humour, which so generally discovers itself in a detestation of the war.

The city gates are always shut at an early hour of the evening. One reason assigned for this caution is to prevent the farmers from smuggling meat into the town, duty free. Provisions of most kinds pay a tax. The public exactions throughout the Dutch territories are various, although not quite so numerous or buthensome, as they are in England. Throughout Europe, the book of rates is a bulky volume. The million, in all countries, (our own excepted) appear born for little other purpose, than to work, vegetate, and grumble, and in this respect, the form of government, makes but little difference. Britons love glory, the splendour of which is to be acquired only by wars. Their ministers, therefore, during the present reign at least, have studied to gratify this godlike propensity. An English ambitious statesman has no dislike to an order of things which promotes his power. Battels, "charming battles," demand taxes and taxes encrease influence. Mr. Pitt commands the treasury, and rules the house of commons; and John Bull, goaded as he is, admires his talents, and wonders at his resources! On this side the channel the Hollander, in sulky silence, contemplates the loss of the colonies of the republic, the annihilation of the commerce of his country, and the degradation of its spiritless military and naval force; smokes his pipe, swallows his vapid and muddy coffee, and meanly hopes that the French will not resign them into the hands of the English, whilst the Frenchman, with the maxim of Horace engraven on his heart,

Carpe Diem
Nec nimium crede Postero

enjoys his weak wine, and bread, is content to laugh to-day without anticipating the anguish of to-morrow; fights or fiddles with equal spirit; and fondly fancies that renovated France like republican Rome, is able, and of right ought to govern and insult the world.

12th Dec. The canals being all frozen over, and such large masses of ice, made in the Maese, that Capt. Benson, of an American brig, with whom I had engaged a passage for Dover, subscribed to my opinion, that the time of his sailing ought not to be calculated upon. His owner, Mr. Calhoun, agreed to accompany me to Maeslandsluice, and try our chance for procuring a passage to Yarmouth or Harwich, by a licensed country Bomb. We have been disappointed, but we have had an opportunity of seeing that place, as well as the towns of Delfthaven, Schiedam, and Flaarding.

Maeslandsluice lies on the easterly side of a branch of the river running between this town and the Brill. It contains four thousand eight hundred inhabitants, used to employ one hundred and forty sail of large fishing vessels, and carried on a beneficial trade with their late friends on the other side of the North Sea. It has nothing to excite curiosity. The inhabitants speak well of their * somnolent prince, and complain that nothing has gone well since his departure. I here met a confirmation of a former note on Dutch dress. At the house where we resided, there was a beautiful girl, possessing a face fair as Hebe's, every feature of which emanated health and loveliness. Tall, and with a form that might have graced a queen, had not her short petticoats, and most absurd taste for looking big, defeated the effect, and reminded you of a rose bud stuck upon a beer barrel.

Flaarding, is the next town to Maeslandsluice, and lying contiguous to the river, the inhabitants were almost wholly engaged in the fishery. They are now out of employment, and of course discontented. Numerous ranges of unrigged herring smacks were the only objects worth noticing.

At the distance of three miles you enter Schiedam, remarkable for its distilleries of gin. The inhabitants are said to exceed ten thousand, and they have upwards of two hundred distilleries. In times of peace and commerce, the exports of gin and herrings, rendered it one of the most flourishing towns on this noble river. The vast quantities of grains, which the distilleries discharge, are pumped into well boats and transported, by the canals, to the consumers, for many miles, in all directions, to feed cows and other cattle, who are fond of, and fatten upon this wet provender. The farmers' barns, which are all situated close to the canals, have their reservoirs purposely for this species of food, which is conveyed to them by spouts communicating with a pump fixed in the well boat. The being able to convert the refuse of their cisterns and stills to so profitable a purpose, must have been one reason for their extending the distilleries of this fascinating and pernicious liquor on so large a scale, as almost exclusively to supply all countries with it.

Delfthaven, also, had its share of the fishery, and is impatiently waiting for a general peace to again launch its many smacks into the Maese, and be enabled to change its pickled and smoaked fish for tobacco and coffee, the two great articles of Dutch luxury.

* The exiled ci-devant Stadtholder is entitled to this epithet, in more senses, than one. The English newspapers, only, ridicule his corporeal drowsiness.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew, sitting at the King's gate."

Now, had he been sitting in sackcloth and ashes, or weeping, with his head covered, or "under the shade of melancholy boughs," or in any of the postures of grief and suffering, we should not be surprised at Haman's declaration of his uneasiness.

But at first view, it has a very odd aspect, that a Jew's seat at a gate should ruffle the temper of an Agagite. Whether Mordecai sat or lolled; whether he was upright or prone, most men would have passed by, probably *on the other side*, and said not a word concerning so simple a mode of being. 'Twas an ordinary *every day* occurrence; and one would suppose that the Medes and Persians, as they approached the palace of their sovereign, would have been so engrossed, by schemes to obtain court favour, that they would not have observed Mordecai, or any body else, in so idle a posture.

But, among that parasitical herd, which naturally watched the opening of the King's gate, there was one proud, and captious mortal, whose bad heart every random arrow could wound.

Shame on my feeble conceptions, and faltering pen, I cannot generalize the inimitable topics of oriental narration. To elucidate my text, "I must a tale *unfold*." Nor shall the story suffer from *my* unskilfulness; for it shall be told from the BIBLE.

In the annals of the princes of Persia, as partially detailed in the book of Esther, Ahasuerus in a fit of good humour, after a sumptuous feast, promoted Haman, by allowing him to take precedence of contemporary princes, and enjoining upon the courtiers, obsequious homage to the favourite. This, it appears, was "capricious partiality to a new face," for there was nothing in this minion's character, that could recommend him to any patronage. A promotion so unmerited, though assented to, from selfish principles, by a complying court, to no one appeared more absurd than to Mordecai, one of those refugee and unhappy Jews, whom the sack of Jerusalem had compelled to be a pensioner upon bounty, in foreign climes. Lynx-eyed to discern, and bold to resent, his spirit, like his body, was erect at the sight of Haman. Enraged at this cavalier treatment from an outcast and an alien, Haman seeks, not to privately assassinate Mordecai alone, but by a master stroke of revenge to sacrifice his nation. Artfully representing to his credulous master the dispersion of the Jews, their attachment to their own, and contempt of the Persian legal code, he obtained a mandate for their extinction. Behold Haman on the pinnacle of favour; the first friend of him, who reigned from India to Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces. Every selfish, every malevolent passion gratified: selected from numerous nobles, and invited with his King to the banquet, which a humiliated princess prepared. "*Bearing these honours thick upon him,*" who would not, like Haman, on that favoured day, issue forth "joyful and with a glad heart." Who would suppose that such gaiety could be instantly extinguished, and that a check could be found in so rapid a career?

But, although the elated favourite, left his lodgings so cheerily, and took such lofty steps through the streets of Shushan, there was "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence" in his way, sufficient to prostrate his pride. For Mordecai, anxious for his countrymen, and eager to learn the success of Esther's intercession in their behalf, had posted himself at the King's gate, a station whence he could ascertain the transactions of the palace. The independent Jew, conscious of the machinations, and detesting the malignity of his rival, "stood not up nor moved" at his approach.—And what then, Haman, could "*the tender fork of a poor worm*" touch the giant to the quick? Was it in the power of a poor, and forlorn man, lying supinely, *without* the palace gate, to torment one, who had such free access *within?* Yes, it was in the power of Mordecai to mortify that pride, which was thy ruling passion. Even if it be the minutest molehill, whatever obstructs the course of inordinate affections, is a mountain in the way. Though the honoured Haman held the key of Mordecai's life, though his posts were flying on "young Dromedaries," with that barbarous decree, which would cause Jewish blood to redden every synagogue; and though his power would so soon be *felt*, he was wretched, unless it were acknowledged. In that torturing hour, all the plumes of his vanity drooped; the "ring" which his king, and the invitation to the banquet which his queen had given, were both forgotten. For "he was full of indignation against Mordecai." He dissembled his woe abroad, but it was that he might give it full vent at home. To his astonished friends and wife, after particularizing the circumstances of his opulence, his numerous progeny, his elevation, and the partial favour of Esther, in associating him and his prince, in her parties; he adds, yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate."

Many eloquent divines, who have selected Haman's exclamation for their theme, have made

the folly of his pride their moral. But the application, which the Lay Preacher wishes his readers to make, is the absurdity of being engrossed by any *single* passion. Whether a philosopher looks at the book of Esther, or the throng of men, wherever he discerns a being, intent alone to gratify the ruling propensity, he discerns a wretch and a criminal. He, over whom avarice, ambition or love, tyranizes, is for the most part destitute of all pleasures. For common and cheap ones, "which come to all, come not to him." The acutest moralists TUCKER and PALEY, will convince any man, that the study of intense delights destroys a relish for the more simple. Pride will not meet continual homage, the exchequer of avarice cannot always be filling, ambition is sometimes denied "the highest seat," and love will not be eternally mutual. To every pursuit in this unlucky world a check is incident, and oftentimes, true to it, as the shade to its substance. I would not therefore advise tottering man to rest his whole weight upon one stay, lest haply it might break and pierce him. If Haman had been moderate in his desires, and taught himself to derive as much felicity from the prattle of his "children," the smiles of "Zeresh," the "glory of his riches" and manifold promotions, as from the obeisance of a Jew, he would not have smarted, though he saw an unmannerly Mordecai in every wicket in Shushan.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[In Vol. I. of the Port Folio the reader will find a life of CHATTERTON, from the pen of DR. AIKIN. This Biographical article, though very elegantly, was, perhaps, not very accurately compiled. It was not sufficiently copious; and it always appeared to the Editor, that, though Dr. Aikin is distinguished for his candor and urbanity of criticism, yet, on this occasion, he displayed an indifference, not to say an intolerance, towards the memory of one, who, with all his defects, is eminently intitled to the pity, as well as to the admiration of posterity. Of this wonderful boy, the ensuing biography is copious, correct, and just. It is complete and catholic. It exhibits all the evidence, respecting a far-famed controversy; it ably defends all the tenable parts of Chatterton's character; it exhibits a fair picture of his noble genius; and, in a spirit of candour, it presents every liberal and generous opinion, suggested either by an admiration of his talents, commisseration of his sufferings, and regret for his frailty.]

For the personal and literary history of Chatterton, 'the boy of Bristol,' the world is obliged to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the original editor of the 'Poems supposed to be written by Rowley,' 1777; Lord Oxford, author of 'Two Letters to the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies,' 1779; Mr. Herbert Croft, author of 'Love and Madness,' 1780; Dr. Milles, editor of 'Rowley's Poems,' in 4to. 1782; Mr. Bryant, author of 'Observations on Rowley's Poems,' 1782; Mr. Warton, author of 'An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley,' Mr Malone, author of 'Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley,' 1782; Mr. Badcock, writer of the articles on the Rowleian Controversy, in the Monthly Review, 1782; and Dr. Geo. Gregory, writer of the article Chatterton, in the fourth volume of the Biographia Britannica, printed separately in 1789.

The elegant and accurate narrative of Mr. Croft derives an additional value and importance, from being the vehicle of Chatterton's letters to his mother, and an interesting letter from his sister, Mrs. Newton. The laboured narratives of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant exhibit strong proofs of the temerity and credulity of the learned writers; but they contain something to amuse curiosity, and something to afford information; particularly the anecdotes furnished by his patrons Mr. Catcot, and Mr. Barret; and the intelligence communicated by his companions, Mr. Thistlewait, Mr. Smith, Mr. Ruddal, Mr. Carey, &c. The candid and comprehensive narrative of Dr. Gregory, 'contains all the particulars which are known concerning that extraordinary character, collected in one view,' and form a valuable addition to the stock of biographical narratives, already in the possession of the public.

The facts stated in the present account are chiefly taken from the narratives of Mr. Croft and Dr. Gregory, with the addition of such particulars, as subsequent communications in that valuable miscellany, the Gentleman's Magazine, and other publications, have supplied.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, Nov. 20, 1752. The office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of his family for more than 150 years. John Chatterton, the last of the name who enjoyed that office, died in 1748. His father, Thomas Chatterton, was the nephew of the sexton. In the early part of life, he had been in the station of a writing-usher to a classical school, was afterwards engaged as a singing man of the Cathedral of Bristol; and latterly was master of the free school in Pyle-street, in that city. He died in August 1752, about three months before the birth of his son.

By the premature loss of his father, he was deprived of that careful attention which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties that circumstances or disposition might oppose to the attainment of knowledge.

At the age of five years, he was committed to the care of Mr. Love, who had succeeded his father in the school in Pyle-street; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardness of genius incapacitated him from receiving instruction in the ordinary methods, and he was remanded to his mother, as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement.

She was rendered extremely unhappy by the unpromising aspect of his infant faculties, till he *fell in love*, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which enabled her to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read, from an old black-lettered Testament or Bible; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that his peculiar attachment to antiquities, may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this circumstance.

On the 3d of August, 1760, when he wanted a few months of eight years of age, he was admitted into Colston's charity-school, in St. Augustin's Back, in Bristol. In this institution the boys are boarded in the house, clothed, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school hours, in summer, are from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and saint-days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon till between seven and eight in the evening.

The first years of his residence at this seminary passed without notice, and, perhaps, without effort. His sister, indeed, in her letter to Mr. Croft, remarks, that he very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence, and that even before he was five years old, he was accustomed to preside over his playmates. To the same purpose, it is said, that, when very young, a manufacturer promised to make the family a present of some earthen ware, and on asking him what device he would have painted on his—'paint me,' said he, 'an angel, with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world.'

It appears from Mr. Thistlewaite's letter, published by Dr. Milles, that he formed a connexion with Chatterton towards the latter end of 1763, by means of his intimacy with Mr. Thomas Philips, the assistant master of the charity-school, who possessed a taste for history and poetry; and by his attempts in verse, he excited a degree of literary emulation among the elder boys. It is very remarkable, that Chatterton is said to have appeared altogether an idle spectator of those poetical contests; he apparently possessed neither inclination nor ability for literary pursuits, nor does Mr. Thistlewaite believe that he attempted a single couplet during the first three years of his acquaintance with him. Whatever grounds Mr. Thistlewaite might have for his opinion, Chatterton, doubtless, at that period, was possessed of a vigour of understanding, of a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, far superior to the talents of his companions.

If he produced any compositions, his exquisite taste led him to suppress them. In the meantime, he was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment.

About his tenth year, his sister informs us, he acquired a taste for reading, and began to hire books from a circulating library, with the trifle allowed him for pocket-money.

As his taste was different from children of his own age, his dispositions were also different. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he possessed the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. 'His spirits,' his sister says, 'were rather uneven; sometimes so gloomed, that for many days together, he would say very little, and that by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful.' His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast.

In the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read; and he was particularly solicitous to borrow books. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of seventy, consisting chiefly of history and divinity.

The earliest existing specimen of his composition, is a poem called the Apostate Will, printed in 'Love and Madness,' which appears by the date, April 14, 1764, to have been written at the age of eleven years and a half, and was probably transcribed from the remains of a pocket-book, which his sister had made him a present of, as a new-year's gift, and which he returned at the end of the year, filled with writing, chiefly poetry.

This fact is a strong contradiction to Mr. Thistlethwaite's assertion; but Chatterton might, at that time, exercise himself in composition, without being under any necessity of imparting his compositions to Mr. Thistlethwaite or Mr. Philips.

At twelve years old, he was confirmed by the Bishop. His sister adds, that he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it.

He soon after, during the week in which he was door-keeper, made some verses on the Last Day, and paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job, and some chapters of Isaiah.

The bent of his genius, however, more strongly inclined him to satire, of which he was tolerably lavish on his school-fellows; nor did the upper master, Mr. Warner, escape the rod of his reprehension.

From what has been related, it is probable, that he was no favourite with Mr. Warner; he, however, found a friend in the under master, Mr. Haynes, who conceived for him a strong and affectionate attachment.

[*To be Continued.*]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Messrs. Conrads, of this city, have just imported, and propose soon to publish

The history of the life and age of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English poet, including memoirs of his kinsman, John of Gaunt. Comprehending views of the progress of society, manners, and the fine arts, from the dawn of literature, in Europe, to the close of the fourteenth century, with characters of the principal personages in the courts of Edward the third, and Richard the second; by William Godwin, author of *Political Justice*, &c. 2 vols, 4to. illustrated with portraits. This work, which appears to be, for the most part, pure from any of the offensive doctrines of its author, is candidly criticised in all the foreign journals to which we have had access.

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Proposals, are issued by Messrs. Hudson and Goodwin, of Hartford, Connecticut, for publishing by subscription, a series of papers which originally appeared in the newspapers, under the title of THE ECHO; with other fugitive poetical pieces. The work will form a duodecimo volume, probably of between three and four hundred pages; price one Dollar.

PUBLISHERS' ADDRESS.

To those who have read the newspapers for ten years past, the title of this work will be familiar. The plan of it was probably original. It was at first intended to ridicule the pompous style of writing, which many of those who contributed to the gazettes, had adopted. But, as the spirit of party increased in the country, and every thing became absorbed in politics, the authors happening to be of one sentiment, gave their pieces a political cast. Intimately connected with The Echo, were the *New-Year's Verses*, which appeared from time to time, from the office of the Connecticut Courant. As all these publications have appeared only in the perishable form of a hand-bill, or a newspaper, a wish has been often expressed, that they might be published in a more secure and lasting form. To gratify this wish, the authors have agreed to correct the various pieces, to add the necessary explanatory notes, to write one or two additional numbers to the Echo, and to have the whole published in a volume. Subscription papers will be sent to various parts of the country, and the work will go to press, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers appear to defray the expense of publishing.

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Messrs. SWORDS, enterprizing and intelligent booksellers at New York, who are careful of the correctness of their press, as well as curious of the choice of fine paper, and the beauty of splendid type, have just published, in a handsome octavo volume, a fine edition of Dr. Darwin's "Temple of Nature." It is very *correctly* executed, and we mention this circumstance with emphasis, because a slovenly style of typography is too often permitted to disgrace the American Press; and we think the gentlemen concerned in the publication of the above work are not sharers in a negligence, which is the bane of literature, and the opprobrium of printing.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mrs. Griffith very pertinently remarks that SHAKSPEARE abounds in reflections upon the instability of popular favour. One of the similes by which he expresses himself, is admirably suited to the occasion.

> ———This *common body*
> Like to a *vagabond flag* upon the stream,
> Goes to and back laqueying the varying tide,
> To rot itself with *motion*.

—

ADDISON, very poignantly says of certain dull *Sectaries* that they *want parts to be devout*, and could as soon make an epic poem, as a pertinent prayer.

—

Holcroft, in his recent travels, speaking of the national character of the French, introduces a remark expressed with much energy.

A people, whose temper is so restless, whose territory is so vast, whose power is so prodigious, whose politics are so pervading, and whose claims to dominion, moral and physical, are so imperious, cannot but excite a general and preturbed state of emotion: there is an interest in whatever appertains to them; and however trifling the individual actions may be, those actions, as they relate to this mighty whole, connected with all they have done, and all they threaten, are full of portentous augury. We feel, it is true, on some occasions, a melancholy, and others a visible disappointment, while we examine the grains of sand of which the cloud capp'd mountain is composed; but astonishment returns, when we find its base immeasurable and its summit lost in obscurity.

—

In a book of travels through the United States, we read the following merited praise of our hospitality to the stranger.

I eat my dinner in a log house on the road. It was kept by a small planter by the name of Homer. Such a tavern would have raised the thunder and lightning of anger in the page of my brother travellers in America. But the lamented scarcity of American inns is easily accounted for. In a country, where every private house is a temple, dedicated to hospitality, and open alike to travellers of every description, ought it to excite surprise that so few good taverns are to be found. When, therefore, the travellers through the United States, curse in their pages of calamity, the musquitoes, and fleas, and bugs, and ticks, that interrupt their slumbers, they make the eulogium of American hospitality.

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Lord Chancellor More, thought a man making choice of a wife, was like one, who thrusts his hand into a bag of snakes, with the hope of bringing out a single eel, that chanced to be in it. He might, says he, happen to light upon the eel, but it is an hundred to one but he is stung by a snake.

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We mentioned, some time since, that Mr. Rusher, of Banbury, had invented a new species of types, for which he had obtained a patent. Mr. Rusher has since been engaged in carrying his invention into practice and he will shortly publish with his new types, an edition of Dr. Johnson's Rasselas.

[Lond. Mo. Mag.

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Dr. Carey's "Skeleton of the Latin Accidence," say the editors of the Monthly Magazine, is an ingenious and elegant little manual, attractive to the young learner, by its brevity and compressed form, and highly advantageous to him by its perspicuity. It consists of a single folding sheet, divided into eight tables, of which the declensions, adjectives, and pronouns, occupy the first three, and the conjugations the remaining five, while by the discriminate use of the hyphen, and the italic characters in conjunction with the Roman, the radical letters, the variable increment, and the invariable termination are distinctly pointed out; though more distinctly still by the additional introduction of the coloured lines.

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In a very respectable British magazine for January 1804, we perceive, with pleasure, that honourable mention is made of Mr. CHARLES B. BROWN, an ingenious author, who by his 'Wieland,' 'Edgar Huntley,' 'Arthur Mervyn,' &c. has attracted the regard of those readers, who have a taste for a purer style of English composition, than is common in this gothic country.

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'The Algerine Captive,' a well written novel, the production of an American, and a favourite friend of the Editor of the Port Folio, is commended in all the literary journals of Great Britain. It must be truly grateful, it must be a soothing *triumph* to the ingenious author to learn that his book is perused in the country of his *ancestors*. In his *native country*, his motley fellow *citizens* were too much occupied in the shallow devices of an infamous democracy, and in perusing, with the eagerness of Shylock, 'the *bond*, the *bond*.

These are, say the British reviewers, the real adventures of an American physician, and are told with uncommon spirit and animation. We meet with much curious information respecting the Algerines. This publication yields much instruction as well as entertainment. The reviewers then extract the whole chapter, in which Dr. Underhill so sarcastically describes the miserable servitude of a schoolmaster, in our new, barbarous, and ungrateful *republic*, and they add, very truly, that it will impart some idea of the troublesome nature of the office in the *new* world.

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In addressing a volunteer corps in Wales last week, the worthy Clergyman made use of the following language: 'But, neighbours, let it not be said that I, the Minister of Peace, am going out of my province to urge you to deeds of blood; or that, in a spirit of selfishness, I prompt you to dangers which I am unwilling to share with you. No! these deeds of blood are not of our seeking. If the ruffian banditti of France invade our free soil, we have no choice—we must defend ourselves, or perish. The brave seek not blood, but will shed the last drop of their own in the cause of their country. And I pray you consider me not in the light of one who, urging you to deeds of valour means himself, on the approach of danger, to retire in safety by favour of your arms; I have no such intention believe me. My professional engagements forbid me now to take upon me the character and occupation of a soldier; but my profession authorises me to exhort you to be true to your king, your country, and your God. When the land is once defiled by the touch of the French footsteps, that disability will cease; then it may be my duty to join you; then it will be my glory to fall with you, if fall we must; or to share the honour, happiness, and well-earned security, which I trust, is in reserve for us. and I urge it as my concluding request to you---to your commander---however numerous your enrolment, (and I hope it will comprise all who have the ability to march) however numerous I say your enrolment, I urge it as my most earnest request, that you will reserve a single musquet, and that (if no employ is allotted me wherein I can be more useful to my country) you will allow me to bear it in your ranks."

London Paper.

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Mr. Calonne died of a complaint in the *chest*—a very natural death for a *Financier*. *ib.*

FROM COLMAN'S NEW-YORK HERALD.

Having seen the following lines in manuscript, we obtained a copy for publication, trusting to the courtesy of the authoress, whoever she may be, to pardon the liberty we take. Our motive is to second the Muse in bestowing a just tribute to the professional excellence of a young artist, who has acquired a decided superiority over all his competitors.

To say he is successful in his likenesses, is only allowing him a degree of merit, common to many others with him. But for spirit of execution, sweetness and clearness of colouring, particularly in his female heads, preserving the effect without diminution through the highest and most exquisite finishing, Mr. Malbone certainly stands unrivalled in our country. We feel the more confident in pronouncing this judgment, from having lately seen the following high eulogium from the President of the Royal Academy. 'I cannot conclude,' says a gentleman in London, to his correspondent in this city, 'without mentioning to you the very handsome compliment that was lately paid to a young countryman of ours, by the celebrated Mr. West. Mr. ——, whom you know, told me he was present when Mr. West, a few days since, observed to Mr. Monroe, the American ambassador, that he had seen a picture, painted by a young American artist of the name of Malbone, which no man, in England, could excel.'

Addressed to Mr. MALBONE, on his painting a miniature likeness of a friend.

Wilt thou permit an humble muse
To twine a transient wreath for thee,
Of lowly flowers, that sweets diffuse,
Though Fame's bright laurels brighter be?

Can I, unmov'd, gaze on this face,
Where life in ev'ry feature glows,
And still the lovely likeness trace,
Nor hail the Art from whence it rose?

'Tis her's!—that look of blended thought!
Those mildly-pensive, serious eyes!
And thou this fair enchantment wrought;
For matchless merit is thy prize.

Say, where's the artist who till now
To ivory cold, warm breath has giv'n?
Yet thou, immortal Malbone, thou
Can'st stay the soaring soul from heav'n.

No more let blooming beauty mourn
The stern, relentless hand of Time,
That many a fragrant flow'r hath shorn,
And op'ning buds, before their prime;

For thou can'st rescue from his scythe
Each winning grace—Thy pencil, true
To Nature's touch, gives speaking life,
And bids it flourish, ever new.

Whoe'er beheld thy rosy Hours,*
And could unfelt their beauties see,
The mind is his where darkness lours,
And his the heart that mine should flee.

May mem'ry to thy mind present
The PAST, with gentle, placid mein,
Where Hope, prophetic spirit! sent,
†Waving her golden hair, was seen.

And may thy PRESENT hours be bright,
As the fair angel smiling there;
Without a cloud to dim their light,
Without a thought that sets in care!

But, for the FUTURE—O! may they
Be crown'd with bliss, and wealth and fame,
And may this little, humble lay
Be lost 'midst songs that sound thy name.

VIOLETTA.

*Alluding to his allegorical painting of the Hours.
†'And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.' COLLINS.

ODE FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1804.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

When, at the despot's dread command,
Bridg'd Hellespont his myriads bore
From servile Asia's purpled strand,
To Græcia's and to freedom's shore—
While hostile fleets terrific sweep
With threat'ning oar th' Ionian deep,
Clear Dirce's bending reeds among
The Theban Swan no longer sung;*
No more by Isthmus' wave-worn glade,
Or Nemea's rocks, or Delphi's shade,
Or Pisa's olive-rooted grove,
The temples of Olympian Jove,
The Muses twin'd the sacred bough
To crown th' athletic victor's brow,
Till on the rough Ægean main,
Till on Platea's trophied plain,
Was crush'd the Persian tyrant's boast,
O'erwhelm'd his fleet, o'erthrown his host,
Then the bold Theban seiz'd again the lyre,
And struck the chords with renovated fire:
'On human life's delusive state,
Tho' woes unseen, uncertain, wait,
Heal'd in the gen'rous breast is every pain,
With undiminish'd force if freedom's rights remain.'†

Not so the British name—Though rude
Her voice to Græcia's tuneful choir,
By dread, by danger unsubdued,
Dauntless she wakes the lyric wire;
So when the awful thunder roars,
When round the livid lightnings play,
The imperial eagle proudly soars,
And wings aloft her daring way,
And hark! with animating note,
Aloud her strains exulting float,
While pointing to th' inveterate host,
Who threat destruction to this envied coast:
'Go forth, my sons—as nobler rights ye claim,
Than ever fann'd the Grecian patriots' flame,
So let your breasts a fiercer ardour feel,
Led by your Patriot King to guard your country's weal.'

Her voice is heard—from wood, from vale, from down,
The thatch roof'd village, and the busy town,
Eager the indignant country warms,
And pours a people clad in arms,
Numerous as those, whom Xerxes led,
To crush devoted Freedom's head;
Firm as the band for Freedom's cause who stood,
And stain'd Thermopylæ with Spartan blood;
Hear o'er their heads the exulting goddess sing:
'These are MY favourite Sons, and MINE their warrior King!'

Thro' Albion's plains, while wide and far
Swells the tumultuous din of war,
While from the loom, the forge, the flail,
From Labour's plough, from Commerce' sail,
All ranks to martial impulse yield,
And grasp the spear, and brave the field;
Do weeds our plains uncultur'd hide?
Does drooping Commerce quit the tide?
Do languid Art and Industry
Their useful cares no longer ply?
Never did Agriculture's toil
With richer harvest clothe the soil;
Ne'er were our barks more amply fraught,
Ne'er were with happier skill our ores, our fleeces wrought.

While the proud foe, to swell Invasion's host,
His bleeding country's countless millions drains,
And Gallia mourns, thro' her embattled coast,
Unpeopled cities, and unlabour'd plains!
To guard and to avenge this favour'd land,
Tho' gleams the sword in ev'ry Briton's hand,
Still o'er our fields waves Concord's silken wing,
Still the Arts flourish, and the Muses sing;
While moral Truth, and Faith's celestial ray,
Adorn, illume, and bless a GEORGE's prosperous sway.

* Pindar. † Ibid.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Terrible Tractoration,' &c. a highly humourous poem, by T. G. Fessenden, Esq. will be noticed as soon as possible. We shall also add some particulars relating to the witty author, whom the Editor long since cherished as a *companion*, and admired as a man of letters.

'Jenny' writes with airy sprightliness, but lacks correctness, and has not read, or remembered the laws of composition. The Editor is sorry to reject the effusions of a pretty woman. Though as an Editor he is obliged to find fault with her pen, as a man, he can repeat with the swain of Caledonia,

'Bonny Jenny, blithe and free,
Won my heart right merrily.'

The remarks of 'G' are received. The author not only writes like a critic, but is punctual like a merchant. He contributes often to the solid and useful department of this paper. Youthful writers would do well to read his rules with undissipated attention.

The lady, who dates from ——, is respectfully informed that her letter is gladly received, and its contents gratefully acknowledged. The Editor will shortly make atonement for epistolary silence. He will be happy, and his readers will be pleased, if the literary bureau should be unlocked, and the Port Folio be the future repository of her ready invention, and her elegant literature.

The hints of 'A cultivator of the Belles Lettres,' relative to certain new arrangements in the political and literary departments of the Port Folio, shall be attended to. We approve his plan, and shall meet his wishes.

We prefer borrowing from the European bank of poetry, to the free gift of such a wretched versifier as 'Sylvander.'

If the author of an indecent 'Fable' had taken the trouble to inspect the general contents of the Port Folio, he would have discovered that our pages are never polluted with obscenity.

The Editor announces farther improvements in the literary department of his paper. Analyses of American books, and critical remarks, will soon appear. He summons the Genius of his friends to his aid. His industry, when undisturbed by his feeble health, shall co-operate with their exertions.

He returns general thanks to a number of men of letters, who have recently enriched the Port Folio.

Well written essays on rural economy; concise notices of improvements in the useful or fine arts; topics of science, neatly and succinctly handled; sketches of tours through interesting parts of America; accurate translations from valuable foreign publications; dramatic dialogues, short and witty; articles of criticism, humour, and poetry; and political essays, or paragraphs, of *point*, sense, and *spirit*, will always be warmly welcomed, and conspicuously inserted.

The 'Verses from Violetta' are evincive both of the virtues of her heart, and the quickness of her fancy.

'Marcellus,' who writes with elegance, and who thinks judiciously, is a favourite correspondent of the American Lounger.

The proposal of 'Quip, Crank and Co.' to establish, in our paper, a literary auction room, must be rejected. We are willing to allow that their auctioneer might be Wit, but of that dangerous and unlucky race as would knock down Judgment to the best bidder.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

In tumbling over some papers, I discovered the following splenetic effusion, written about four years ago, and was amused by a recollection of the sensations which produced it.

A.

A parting address to the inhabitants of the island of Elba.

A month I've been upon your shore,
And may I be condemn'd, no more
To know love's soft embraces,
If 'tis not my most ardent pray'r,
That I may ne'er have the despair
To view again your faces.

A dastard, swindling, lawless race
Are ye, of nature the disgrace—
At least such I have found ye;
Alike to honour lost and fame,
Devoid of virtue, dead to shame,
So fully vice has crowned ye.

Had justice here fix'd her abode,
From earth of crimes to drive a load,
By hundreds she'd have strung ye:
For me, the wretch whom most I hate,
I could not wish so curst a fate,
As damn'd to live among ye.

—

THE STYLE OF THE 16th CENTURY IMITATED.

Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille repulse.

If, shepherde, heavenlie beautye can thee move,
If gentle courtesie can charme thy mynde,
Let not thine eyes e'er stray to her I love,
O liste not to her wordes moste sweete and kynde!
Though sweete and kynde her wordes, and voide of arte,
Yet cold indifference dwelleth in her hearte.

Doste thou admyre a looke both bryghte and meeke?
The starre of eve beams in her modeste eye:
Lovste thou the rose?—'tis on her blushynge cheeke,
And lendes its honied fragrance to her sigh;
Alas! that she should sigh my payne to see,
Yet still escape from love's captivity!

O where can I, to shunne the archer's aime,
Flie from those charmes that have my peace undonne?
To wisdome's page?—No, wisdome fannes my flame,
And virtue sayes, thy faire and I are one:
Ah me! that hopelesse I am doomde to pyne,
To see those sweetes, yet may not call them myne!

O.

—

TO MY LOVE.

The humble bee hath homeward sped,
Long since, to rest from toil till morn;
The merry bat hath left his bed,
The shardborn beetle blown his horn.

Bright Phœbe now, in solemn state,
Casts her mild radiance on the grove,
Where elfin bands expecting wait,
To hail the festal rites of love.

Blyth Puck hath chas'd the dews away,
Except some drops to gem the flowers,
Which scatter fragrance on the way
That windes among the fairy bowers.

Nor is a sacred place forgot,
Where no rude fairy dares intrude;
For thee, sweet love, I've deck'd a grot,
Embosom'd deep within the wood.

With myrtle leaves its floor is spread,
The emblems of my faithful vow;
The moss-rose blushes o'er our bed,
Yet where, Titania, where art thou?

OBERON.

Revenge, infuriate demon! at thy shrine,
By ruthless passions led, I bend my knee;
I woo thee, monster! meekness I resign,
And place each hope of happiness on thee.

What! shall the savage authors of my pain,
To whom my pangs gave undisguis'd delight,
Shall they exult still with malignant spite?
No! tho' my life should flow from every vein!

Enthron'd my soul in thy own stygian gloom!
Teach me to cry, 'evil be thou my good!'
E'en tho' it pierce the heart of her, for whom
My own would once have pour'd its richest blood.

For *thee* all consequences I defy;
O give me but to triumph—and to die!

TROILUS.

—

"THUS WE LOVERS RAVE."

The maiden who shall love, and truth
Within this constant bosom find,
Tho' blest with beauty and with youth,
Yet has e'en sweeter charms of mind.

Although affection's warmest glow
Improve the roses of her cheek,
And sweet simplicity will show
The trembling love she cannot speak:

Although each grace around her flies
That can enkindle fond desire,
While the mild radiance of her eyes
Adds double fervor to the fire:

Yes, tho' in her all these I find,
Yet sweeter are her charms of mind.

O.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[That passage in Swift's writings, in which a woman is compared to a cloud, must be familiar, not only to the literary tribe, but is perhaps frequently and cheerfully perused by the splenetic bachelor, who delights to depreciate property, in which, from inclination, or a better reason, he is not doomed to speculate. How far the Dean's simile may be deemed correct, I shall certainly not hazard an opinion, as I have not the presumption to stamp a character on those, who are said, by one writer, (who, to be sure, was himself an old bachelor), 'to have no character at all,' and who have been charged, by the learned and unlearned of all ages, with changes as frequent and as inconsistent as the shifting glass of the magic lanthorn. The Dean's simile, however, was suggested to a female, whose personal charms would fascinate those who should be ignorant of her mental attractions. She immediately returned the following lines, on the perusal of which, he, who should question her judgment, will cheerfully admit all her claims to a vivid fancy.]

Unfit to judge of womankind
Is he, whom prejudice doth blind,
And well 'tis known the rev'rend Dean
Was quite a victim to the spleen.
If woman like a cloud appears,
Whence come her gay and sprightly airs?
Whence all that cheerfulness of soul,
That doth the gloom of man controul?
Like the bright sun, her cheering smile
Dispels his care, rewards his toil,
While from her lips, love's tender theme,
Like Luna's soft enchanting beam,
Inspires his soul with rays divine,
That from her eyes resplendent shine,
And make those messengers of Love
Outvie the glittering stars above.
Thus in one being she combines
All radiance that celestial shines,
And proves, by thousands in her chains,
The conquest she o'er man maintains,
To whom, if not like *light* she be,
Dark—dark, indeed, his destiny.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

Peace, ye sorrows of my soul,
While my much lov'd fair is nigh!
Cease thy trickling stream to roll,
Thou welling fountain of mine eye.

Hours enough to grief are paid,
Days, and months, and years of woe;
Oh then, while I view the maid,
Let me one short rapture know.

Ere my sun of love be set
Let it warm, once more, my heart;
Ere we part—no more to meet!—
Let me dream we ne'er shall part.

I will hope, though hope be dead,
I will smile, though anguish tear;
Joy to day shall crown my head;
With the morning comes despair.

ITHACUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE HIGHLANDER,

A Pastoral....From Mrs. West.

My temper is ardent and warm,
I was bred on the mountain's rough side;
The labour, that strengthen'd my arm,
With courage my bosom supplied.

My virtues resemble a soil,
That boasts no improvement from art;
The offspring of nature and toil,
They glow with full force in my heart.

I have met the keen wind of the north,
When it brought the thick tempest of snow;
I have seen the fork'd lightning burst forth,
When the forest has shrunk from the blow.

To rescue my lambs and my sheep
The loud mountain torrent I've brav'd;
It was clamorous, stormy, and deep,
But the tremblers I happily sav'd.

I have climb'd to the top of the cliff,
Whose summit bends far o'er the main,
From thence I've look'd out for the skiff
Of the fisher, beneath me, in vain.

I have sail'd on the lake in my boat
When the west hath look'd dusky and red,
When the sea mew, with ominous note,
Seem'd to call to the feast of the dead.

From the hills the storm menacing howl'd,
The firs thund'ring fell down the steep;
O'er the sky darkness awfully scowl'd,
And horribly roar'd the vex'd deep.

My vessel o'erwhelm'd in the shock,
I rose on the salt surge up-borne;
I swam to the caves in the rock,
And waited the coming of morn.

There, chill'd by the keen driving blast,
And drench'd by the pitiless rain,
The day has reliev'd me at last,
But the night never heard me complain.

I have pass'd o'er the mountain, which shrouds
Its summit in regions divine,
When the moon, sailing swift thro' the clouds,
Tipp'd with silver the arrowy pine.

Thus I meet the procession of death;
It pass'd me in shadowy glare;
Slow it mov'd to the valley beneath,
Then melted illusive in air.

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